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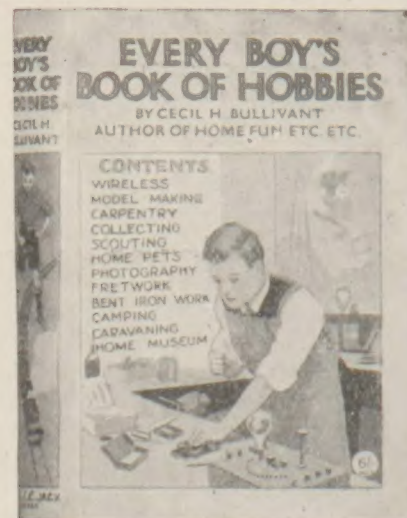
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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

AUGUST 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

What happened to Josie

BY JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON

IT was the last day of term. Half a dozen of the girls from St. Elizabeth's School had collected in a carriage labelled Paddington.

Josie Beauchamp said to the company in general, "I'm spending these Christmas hols. with an uncle and aunt down in Devon. They have no children of their own; but they offered to take me, as my mother and father are abroad. Still, I shan't be alone exactly; there's a cousin of mine coming too, a boy."

"Have you met him before? What is he like?" a girl opposite asked her sociably.

"No, I haven't," said Josie. "My uncle has just been made his guardian." After a moment she added briskly, "It may turn out all right. Only, you see, I don't like boys."

Another girl broke in, "I do. I have three brothers; they're topping." She cast a critical glance over Josie.

"You afraid of getting your feet wet, or climbing?"

"I don't see what business that is of yours," said Josie, colouring.

Grace Stephenson gave a little, chuckling laugh.

"Take a bit of advice from me; don't let him know you're afraid of *anything*, and you'll be all right."

There was a little silence. Josie did not answer at once, for there were a great number of things of which she was afraid: cows, and being drowned, and doing dangerous things. She had been looking forward to

her stay at Broxton Vicarage until she had heard from her uncle of the coming of this dreadful boy.

She shut her eyes for a moment at the thought of him; for it had been necessary to rise very early in order to catch the fast train. She fell asleep in a few moments.

"Poor kid, she's worn out," said Grace Stephenson.

"Never been to school before," said Marion Garston. "Her first term. Afraid to say boo to a goose."

"She'll soon lose that in the Fifth," said Chrissie Reade.

"Or perhaps down in Devon," said Grace.



It was dark in the Vicarage drawing-room when Josie arrived. The Vicar himself had met her at the station. He had a moment ago directed her to the door of the drawing-room, and told her to walk straight in. "I'll not vouch for the young rascal, but your aunt, I know, will be there waiting for you."

She was. "So you're Josie," she said kindly. "Sit down and let me talk to you for a few moments before

I take you up to your room. Your cousin was here a moment ago. I wonder where he has disappeared."

Behind her a voice said, "Not very far. Here I am, aunt." And a fair-haired boy of about sixteen years of age, very sturdily built, freckled and rather ugly, leaped up from a chair in which he had been buried.

He did not fail to notice Josie's start, and there was a twinkle in his eyes as he said, "Nervy, eh? It's a pity you're not a boy."

Josie, plucking her courage together, responded, "And it's another pity you're not a girl."

Mrs. Beauchamp looked from one to the other, smiling. "Well, as neither of you can be changed, it would be as well to make the best of each other, wouldn't it?" she suggested.

"I intend to, aunt," said the youth. And he added, for Josie's encouragement and information, "My name's Freckles. I'm not as silly an ass as I look. What about you?"

Before Josie could find a suitable answer, the Vicar came into the room.

"I have rather a talent for getting myself into trouble, do what I may," said Freckles. It was a fortnight later, and Christmas festivities, which had been very pleasant but somewhat quiet ones, were things of the past. He and Josie had come out into the barn to escape the society of their elders and to think out some diversion which would not endanger the property or peace of their kind relatives.

That that peace was just the very thing after her own mind Josie dared not tell her strenuous and energetic companion. Freckles took it for granted that, like himself, she craved for something to be doing.

To-day he swung his legs over the edge of the loft above the barn, and stared down into the dim twilight below.

Then he said, "What a pity this isn't the edge of a cliff, or something like that."

Josie answered, from where she sat among the straw with her hair full of the dry stalks, "Ye—es."

"You don't sound very keen."

"I *am* keen," said Josie valiantly, though her heart sank.

"I believe," said Freckles, after a long pause, "that I know of the very place where we could get some real excitement into this beastly misty day." He began to clamber down the pole that stood nearest to his precarious perch, disdaining the ladder which he commanded Josie to descend at once.

"We'll cut along through the kitchen garden," said he. "It's our shortest way, and time presses."

Nevertheless, he darted into the tool-house and spent several moments there. Presently he re-appeared, carrying in one hand a hurricane lamp, and in the other a coil of rope which he handed over to Josie. "Push your arm through, and hitch it up on your shoulder; it's easier to carry it that way. I expect you guess what we are—a rescue party."

Josie had not guessed. She hurried down the side of the garden hedge with many thoughts in her mind, uppermost being the advice she had received from Grace Stephenson never to betray to a boy that one was afraid.

She felt that she had certainly carried out that advice to the letter in the two long weeks that were past.

There were only two more to go; and then!

"I say, kid," said Freckles, "you're enjoying this kind of exciting life as much as I am, eh?"

Josie said in her firmest manner, "Rather."

It was not very easy going. They were following now a little narrow rutty path that ran up the cliff's side from the back of the Vicarage to what was called Tory Point, a jutting piece of black rock in which the smooth face of the cliff ended.

Freckles said, "I have an idea that, if one were to let a hurricane lamp down through a hole I saw on the top of the cliff the other day, one could see into a cavern. We could let our lamp down and see. If there were some one there——"

"But, Freckles, there couldn't be," Josie interposed.

Freckles answered testily, "Of course there isn't, baby; but we're going to believe there is, because, unless we do, we shan't half enjoy the rescue."

A small voice answered, "Oh!"

He turned, a little doubtful. "You really want to come, honest Injun?"

"Honest Injun," said Josie, clenching her fists, "I do."

Whereupon Freckles remarked encouragingly, "That's the spirit," and proceeded to stump on with renewed determination.

After a short interval, Josie said in a resolute tone, "We're leading a very savage life, I think."

They had reached the summit of the cliff now, and Freckles went straight forward and threw his tackle down upon a certain spot.

"Step warily," he said, in a warning voice; "the hole is just here. Come a little nearer and get down on your knees. Now!"

Josie did as directed. "I can't see very much or very far," she murmured. "It looks very black and deep."

"It *is* deep," said Freckles, with satisfaction. He struck a match, which burned eerily in the soft white mist, and lighted the hurricane lamp. "Hold this over it, and let it down a bit. What do you see?"

"I can't see anything," said Josie, letting the lamp disappear into the hole, as directed. "Why, there are some steps, and then a little ledge! It twists, so that you can't see very far."

"No," said Freckles, also peering, "you can't; but it makes you *want* to see farther, doesn't it? I'd have gone down the other day myself, but it's not a one-man job." He mused for a moment, and then said, though it cost him an effort, "If you like, you

can be the first man down—a kind of Christopher Columbus."

Josie caught her breath. "But——"

"It's all right. I'd like you to. In case of accidents, I'll tie the rope round your middle, and pay it out to you as you go down. I'll give it a couple of turns round this stump here." He took the lamp from her. "I'll lower this so that you can see your way. Once you're there, you can take it from the hook, can't you, and explore the ledge? If you're in difficulties, tug the rope."

He began to lower the lamp, and Josie saw that there was no help for it. Setting her teeth firmly in her lower lip, she threw a black-stockinged leg over the black opening, and by the lamp's rays set foot on the first rough step. Three steps down, and her eyes were on a level with those of her companion in this terrorizing business. By the dim lamplight he thought she looked very pale. He had a sudden doubt. "You're sure you want to be the first man to set foot down there?" he asked.

Josie's dark eyes looked back into his with an unfathomable expression. "If I were to die for it, I'd go first," she replied.

He said soberly, "Well, don't be so tragic about it. It's only a game, after all."

Which was a rather odd remark for Freckles to make.

But there was not much time to think about that now. Josie had other matters more urgently requiring her attention, and as her fingers came in contact with the cold stone of the sides of the narrow opening, she wondered if she would ever get to the last of the half-dozen steep steps that ended in the ledge she had seen from above.

The hurricane lamp followed her unerringly, held by Freckles. It showed her at last the edge of the ledge. She slipped round into a shelving cavern's mouth, reached for the lamp and unhooked it, and then stood for a moment quite still, looking straight at a rugged dark entrance to what might be an inner cave or passage. Her heart, after that one moment of standing still, was racing madly, and she was breathing very loud.

Still, this was a rescue party; and as Freckles had said to her times without number, "The thing is, to believe you really are what you're pretending to be."

She was a rescue party; she must act like one.

She took several steps forward, and swung the lamp about in the manner of Freckles in similar situations. And, as a result, it happened she forgot the cord round her waist. She was caught up by it suddenly, tripped and fell, striking her head against a small object on which her eyes had fallen with interest.

When she opened them again she was lying out on the short grass on the top of the cliff, and Freckles was bending over her.

Beside Freckles stood Busby, the Vicarage gardener. "Eh, missy," he said, "you do be a handful! Climbing about same as any lad, getting a lump on the head of 'ee as big as a hen's egg, and all."

"But finding treasure, Josie," said Freckles in her ear; "real treasure."

Josie sat up at that. "How did you find me?" she cried.

"Got your signal—jerk of the rope. Found you lying in a heap beside a box as old as Methuselah. So I came up to find somebody who could carry you up the steps. And there was Busby, come to fetch us to tea. He'd seen us go by this way when he was in the coal-house. There's always some one about to see what you do, no matter how careful you are. He carried you out, and I carried the treasure, and here it is!"

They had prised open the rusty lid while she lay on the grass, Busby himself as keen as Freckles to see the contents.

"Why, it's only coins," cried Josie.

"What did you expect?"

"Well, jewels, perhaps," said Josie.

"Of course, you *would* think of something of the sort, being a girl—though a jolly sporting one."

She had struggled to her feet, and Busby's back was turned as he began to stump away into the mist. Freckles suddenly put an arm about her shoulders; the other was tucked around the box which he held fondly to his side. "You're still a bit crocky on your legs, kid," he remarked. And added, "I wonder what Uncle will think of this stuff."

The Vicar, as it happened, seemed to think a lot. He was a collector of coins himself, and the two children were astonished and delighted at his enthusiasm.

"I imagine," said the Vicar, "that these may have been my grandfather's. There is a little manuscript book in the library, in which he has made a list of his coins."

The Vicar was right. The manuscript book was consulted, and it was found the coins tallied.

"It seems queer," said Josie, "that no one found them before."

"Not so very, my dear," said the Vicar. "Until quite recently a disused hut stood on the spot where you found these; the floor of the hut covered the cavern's opening. Busby, as a full-grown man, did not think of exploring the cave when he cleared the hut away at my orders; and no one else has access to the spot but we of the Vicarage."



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



Tommy. "Oh, mummy, I saw a man making a horse to-day."

Mummy. "Surely you must have made a mistake, Tommy. Horses aren't made."

Tommy. "Oh yes, they are! I saw the man just finishing it. He was just nailing the feet on."

Sent in by HARLEY WATKINS,
137 Elsenham Street, Southfields, S.W.18,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN Irishman sent from Dublin to his brother in London a heavy overcoat. With the parcel he sent the following note:—

"Dear Pat,—I am sending you my old overcoat. To make it lighter I have cut the buttons off."

"P.S.—You will find the buttons in the inside pocket."

Sent in by ERIC WISDOM,
Southfield School, Southfields.

✦ ✦ ✦

AN attendant at the museum was showing an old lady Lord Nelson's waistcoat.

"Now that," said the attendant, pointing to a hole, "is where the bullet went through that ended his life!"

"Oh, how awful!" said the old lady. "Now, had that hole been mended before the bullet went through it might have saved his life!"

✦ ✦ ✦

It was in a London hospital, and the doctor was visiting his patients. He came to the bed of a Scotsman, and stopped.

"Well, Sandy," he said, "how is it this morning?"

"Aw, doctor, I feel verra bad; but if only I could hear the pipes of Bonnie Dundee I am sure I should be better."

"You shall hear them, my man," said the doctor.

The next morning two men, plus bagpipes and kilts, appeared at the hospital and played for two hours in Sandy's ward. After they had gone the doctor came.

"Well, nurse," said he, "how is Sandy this morning?"

"Oh! it's marvellous, doctor," said she. "He's almost well."

"That's good! And how are the other patients?" he said.

"Oh," replied the nurse, "they're all dead."

Sent in by EVA FORSE,
16 Eton Stables, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE teacher explained to the class that an epidemic was "something that spreads."

Teacher. "Now, Jimmy, give me an example of an epidemic."

Jimmy. "Jam, teacher!"

Sent in by GRACE BRUCE,
Barnsole Road School, Gillingham, Kent.

✦ ✦ ✦

A MAN walked into a grocer's shop and handed to the assistant a paper containing some white powder.

"I say," he asked, "what do you think that is? Just taste it and tell me your opinion."

The grocer smelt it, then touched it with his tongue.

"Well, I should say that was soda," he said.

"That's just what I say," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife said it was rat poison. You might try it again to make sure."

Sent in by LILIAN ESCOTT,
40 Danehurst Road, Wallasey.

✦ ✦ ✦

A SCHOOLBOY who had earned the reputation of being rather mean visited a gardener. He was very fond of cucumbers, and he had come with the intention of buying one. He asked how much one would cost him. He was told that they were sixpence and eightpence, but he said that was too much. He asked if he could have one for twopence. The gardener pointed to a very small one and said that one would cost twopence. "I will take that one," said the boy. "But do not cut it off now. Leave it where it is and I will call for it in a few days."

Sent in by ETHEL ATKINSON,
4 Halstead Street, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs.

✦ ✦ ✦

"Now, can any of you boys tell me what water is?"

There was a hush in the class. No boy attempted to answer, until at last one little boy in the corner of the class stood up.

"Please, teacher," he said, "I know. Water's the stuff what turns black as soon as you put yer hands into it!"

Motto for August

"Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity, and to the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Rob Roy*.

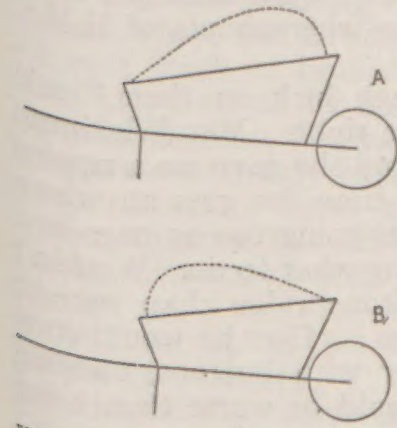
Sent in by GEORGE SPARROWE,
95 Elsenham Street, Southfields, S.W.18,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Have You a Garden?

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

DO you remember that in the April number I suggested that you should aim at keeping your garden "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," even after the summer holidays? Well, this month I am going to give you some suggestions on how to accomplish this.

Many of you will be going away for two or three weeks, so before doing so cut off all spikes of any plants which are actually in full flower, otherwise before you come home the plant will have used up a good deal of strength in forming seeds. If you do this you will find quite a number of younger spikes ready to greet you on your return.

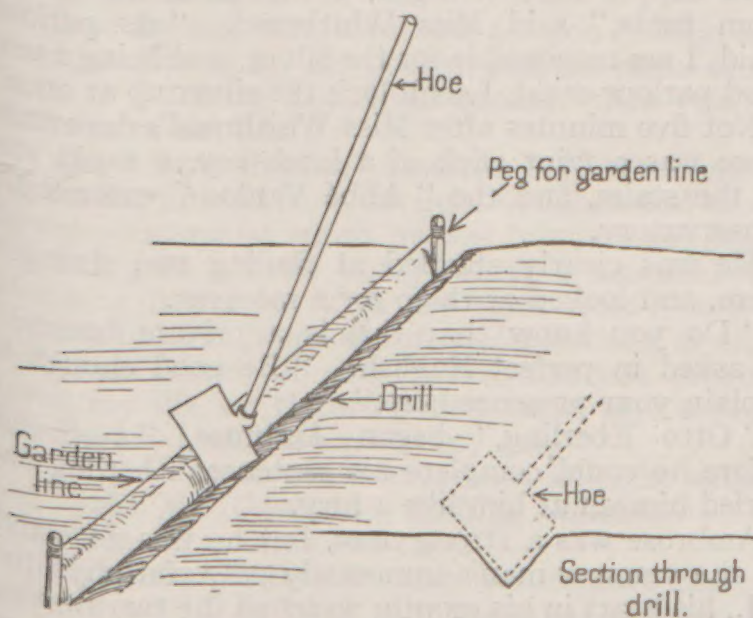


HOW TO LOAD A BARROW OF WEEDS.

- A, Right method, with weight falling on the wheel.
B, Wrong method, with weight falling on the handles—and therefore the wheelers' arms.

Weeding is a dull job, isn't it? But if you do not hoe your garden thoroughly to get rid of the tiny weed seedlings as well as the bigger ones, you will find that there are hosts of them—and *such* big ones!—waiting for you to tackle on your return, as they seem to grow by magic in the hot summer days.

If you have enjoyed gardening this summer, you will want to continue next year too, so try to wheedle



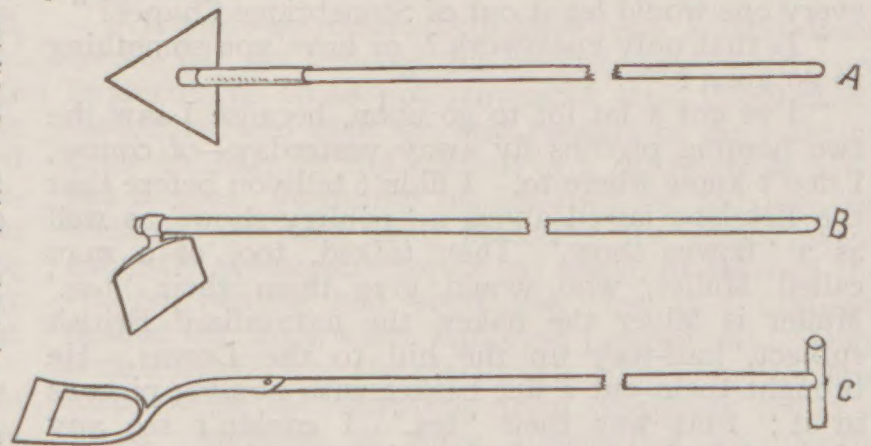
DRAWING A DRILL FOR SEEDS.

Daddy to give you an extra strip in which you can sow some seeds of Wallflowers, Violas, Forget-me-nots, Lupins, Hollyhocks, etc., ready for next year's flower-

ing; for, as I expect you know, these flowers usually wait until the year after they are sown before they flower.

Should you have the chance of *choosing* this extra plot, select a half-shaded border, and if the soil is at all dry, soak your drill (the little straight furrow in which you will sow the seeds) thoroughly before sowing. A whole gallon can of water to a yard length of drill will not be too much. In the dry July days, seeds take a long time to start growing unless the soil is well soaked first; but if you follow this plan, you will, after your holidays, find lovely rows of seedlings just appearing, which you know will give you flowers for next Spring (the Wallflowers and Forget-me-nots), for next early Summer (the Lupins and Violas), and for the later Summer (the Hollyhocks.)

At the end of August or early September they will have grown big enough to handle, so you can then plant them in beds in which they are to bloom next year.



HOES.

- A, "Triangular," for drawing drills.
B, "Draw," for hoeing weeds in heavy soil, and can also be used for drawing drills.
C, "Dutch," for hoeing weeds in light soil.

You will find, if you have chosen a good seed merchant, as I advised you to do in the April number, that you have far more seedlings than you need for yourself, so by selling these extra plants to Daddy very cheaply you can make a little pocket-money which will come in very useful for buying annual seeds next Spring, won't it?

Next month I hope to tell you quite a lot about bulb planting; so that during the six months that you have been following out the instructions in these "Have You a Garden?" talks, you will find that you have flowers of your own during most months of the year.

✦ ✦ ✦

"I do not like this picture," said a man in an art gallery.

"Come away," said his wife, "that is a mirror."

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE IV (*Concluded*)

MR. DAVENANT sat down in a chair, stuck his legs out straight in front of him, and gazed up at the roof of the conservatory. Then he began to whistle softly the first eight bars of the exquisite treble solo of a well-known anthem.

"Oh! of course!" cried little Miss Whitbread, again clapping her hands. "It was so obvious; why did we never think of that before?"

Ambrose, who was devoid of musical ear, was clearly puzzled.

"Oh! for the wings, for the wings of a dove! Far, far away, far away would I fly—" sang P.J. with his cracked voice. "That used to be my great solo. By George! if I tried to sing it now, how every one would leg it out of Stonebridge Chapel!"

"Is that only guesswork? or have you something to go upon?"

"I've got a fat lot to go upon, because I saw the two homing pigeons fly away yesterday—of course, I don't know where to. I didn't tell you before that the Belgians jawed about a 'poultry show' as well as a 'flower show.' They talked, too, of a man called Müller, who would give them their 'tea.' Müller is Miller the baker, the naturalized British subject, half-way up the hill to the Downs. He brought them out a flat basket with homing pigeons in it; that was their 'tea.' I couldn't see any pigeon lofts in his yards, but the ground was covered with trodden-in Indian corn, and I know that he doesn't keep fowls, so that's good enough."

"May I ask how old you are, Mr. Davenant?" queried little Miss Whitbread.

"I'm past sixteen, and Mr. Ambrose usually makes me wear shorts with bare knees as if I were ten. Don't you call that horrid bullying?"

"I really think that for a boy of your age it is a marvellous bit of work. You reason everything out so well."

"If you go on like that, Miss Whitbread, I shall have to buy a new hat, and they're so awfully dear now. I just had three flukes running, that's all."

"It's the best bit of work you've done yet, Towzer. Bravo!" chimed in Ambrose. "Now we must stop this. At what o'clock do those women go up to the Downs?"

"At four yesterday, and they talked as if it was always at four. They go up in a little pony-carriage, and Müller shoves the pigeons in at his yard."

"Thank you very much. I shall take my measures. Keep out of this please, Towzer. I am afraid that your charming Marie will not dress for dinner to-night."

Four hours later Ambrose reappeared at Clermont,

where he found P.J. and Miss Whitbread on the friendliest terms.

"The elder woman was quite stolid when arrested," he explained, "but Marie and the man Müller were very violent in their language. I have the pigeons here. I am afraid that we must wring the poor birds' necks; otherwise, they will fly home and be used again."

Accordingly the unfortunate pigeons were dispatched. Each of them had a quill attached to it, enclosing the message of the whereabouts of H.M.S. *Lion*, written in German.

"It does seem jolly rough luck on them," said P.J., "but I suppose you're right. Miss Whitbread and I have had awful fun, and she gave me a ripping tea. We settled that next time she goes anywhere as a police parlour-maid I'm going too as page-boy. Miss Whitbread will teach me what to do. Wouldn't it be cruel bad luck if a Stonebridge chap were to come to dinner in that house? How he would stare to see me, covered all over with buttons, handing round the potatoes! It would be worse than being spotted in the shorts with bare knees."

"Now, Towzer, you really must hold your row for a minute. Miss Whitbread and I have to talk business. The sham Abbé Vanloo is still at large. At what o'clock do you say he usually returns, Miss Whitbread?"

"Usually by the 6.5, sometimes by the 6.48. Since I have been here he has never arrived before 6.20."

"Then, Towzer, I will ask you to go soon. I shall have the police up here by 5.30, and I wish you to keep out of this. There may be rough work."

"Mayn't I see the fun, please? I do so love a scrap."

"No, my boy, you must clear out in five minutes."

"And as it is not likely that Father Vanloo will have supper here to-night, I will clear the dining-room table," said Miss Whitbread. "As parlour-maid, I am responsible for the silver, and being a very good parlour-maid, I shall lock the silver up at once."

Not five minutes after Miss Whitbread's departure, there was a faint click of a latch-key, a rapid step on the stairs, and the "Abbé Vanloo" entered the conservatory.

He was clearly startled at finding two strangers there, and looked at them for a moment.

"Do you know that this is a private house?" he asked in perfect English. "Be good enough to explain your presence here."

"Otto Eberling," began Ambrose, "I—" but before he could complete his sentence, Eberling had hurled himself at him like a fury.

Ambrose was a strong man, but he was no match for the younger man's immensely powerful physique. P.J., his heart in his mouth, watched the two swaying from side to side, closely locked together. It soon became evident that his friend was being forced back inch by inch towards the wall, but so close was their grip that neither man could draw his pistol. P.J. darted forward, and knowing by now that Eberling's revolver would be in his hip pocket, he wrenched and

tore at the cloth of his trousers until he laid hold of the automatic the hip pocket contained, and drew it out. He had every intention of shooting Eberling then and there; but before he could even raise the pistol, he was seized in a grip of iron—a grip so fierce that it nearly crushed his ribs in—and the automatic dropped from his nerveless hand. He felt himself bent backwards till he thought that his spine would crack, and then suddenly lifted and hurled with all the force of Eberling's powerful muscles on to the stand where the flowers were displayed. There was a vast crash of broken flower-pots, and as the lad lay half-stunned by his fall, he realized, as through a mist, that the two men were locked together again, Ambrose evidently exerting his full strength to prevent Eberling from reaching the fallen weapon, though unable himself to draw his own pistol owing to his adversary's arms being tightly locked round his waist.

P.J. sat up on the flower-bench, and snatched up a pot of "Ornatus." Taking careful aim, he hurled it with all the vigour of his young arm at Eberling's head. His half-dazed condition must have affected the usual accuracy of his eye, for the heavy flower-pot, instead of crashing against Eberling's head, shattered itself on his shoulder, whilst the jagged fragments of earthenware flew up, and cut his face severely, making the blood spurt out in half a dozen places. P.J., now fully recovered from his fall, heard Eberling's loud oath, and noticed that he was ducking his body as he made a dart for the door, and on turning round he saw that Ambrose had drawn his revolver. A shot rang out, but Eberling had already vanished, and half a minute later they heard the front door slam.

Ambrose rushed to the passage window just in time to see Eberling vanish round the street corner on his bicycle. He then went up to where P.J. was lying on the flower-bench.

"You are not hurt, dear boy, are you? That man tore the cloth of my hip pocket, and the pistol caught in it, or I'd have had it out sooner. Are you sure that you're not hurt?"

"Quite sure, thanks," asserted P.J., who was disentangling himself from the mass of debris and broken flower-pots amidst which he was lying on the bench. "I feel just a little buzzy where I smashed that blooming flower-pot with my thick head; but it's nothing to write home about, really nothing at all."

"Little friend, do you realize that you probably saved my life by throwing that plant at Eberling? Remember, I couldn't get at my gun."

"Oh! I expect you'd have been all right without me," said Mr. Davenant, flushing violently. "Besides, I made a rotten bad shot."

Little Miss Whitbread came rushing into the conservatory. "I do hope that there has been no bad work," she cried. "I felt terribly nervous when I heard that shot. Are you both quite right?"

"We're both as right as rain," declared Mr. Davenant, "but our man has given us the slip. I tell you, Miss Whitbread, it *was* exciting."

"I was in the dining-room when I heard him come

downstairs. He had left his bicycle outside the front door; he jumped on to it, and rode off in the direction of the station."

"Do you know if there is a train leaving now?" asked Ambrose.

"I believe that there is a slow train leaving for London in about ten minutes' time."

"Do you feel all right again, P.J.?" inquired Ambrose.

"As fit as a fiddle."

"Well, I want you to do something for me, Towzer. Your room at Beechfield is full of cups for hundred yards and quarter-miles. Just show me that you *can* run, and do a sprint for me in record time up to the station, and follow that man wherever he goes. You have plenty of money on you, I know, and I can't run myself."

"Right you are!" responded P.J., snatching up his hat. "How do I get to the station?"

"Second to the right, and then first to the left," said Miss Whitbread. "And it is all uphill"; but Mr. Davenant had vanished before she had finished speaking, and they heard the swift patter of footsteps outside.

P.J. must unquestionably have been a little dazed by his fall, for although his running powers were unimpaired, he could not remember Miss Whitbread's directions, and took the first turning to the right he came to, only to find himself in a *cul-de-sac* of little red houses. Recalling his instructions too late, he retraced his road, and, breasting the steep ascent gallantly at the very top of his speed, he reached the station, panting and breathless, just as a taxi-cab dashed up, from which Ambrose jumped out. They both hurried on to the platform in time to see the last carriages of the vanishing train disappear round a curve. Ambrose at once approached an elderly porter.

"Did the clergyman who leaves every morning by the 8.31 catch that train at the last moment?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, he did," replied the porter. "'Ad no time to take a ticket; just shoved his bike in the van, and jumped into the last carriage. The reverend gent 'ad 'ad a fall off that bike too, seemingly, judging from the cuts on 'is face."

"A fat lot of a fall off a bike about it," grinned Mr. Davenant to himself. "My flower-pot made those cuts; I only wish I'd buzzed it harder."

Ambrose meanwhile had addressed the station-master, showing him first his official Scotland Yard card. The station-master was fortunately not only intelligent, but a man of quick decision.

"Can you give me a special at once, station-master? I don't care what it costs. I must lay hold of a man who left in that train. Can you stop it by signal anywhere?"

"I can't give you a special, sir, but I can let you have an engine. The 5.40 varies from day to day. Sometimes she is a very heavy train, so we always keep one of our big engines in steam. To-day the train was light, so I sent her on with a tank. The large engine is in the siding, and there is nothing fol-

lowing the 5.40 till the 6.30 goods, so the line is clear, and I can give you the big engine, if you will sign a form to clear me of responsibility."

"Where does the 5.40 stop?" asked Ambrose.

"At every station up to Ashford, then through to London, calling at Paddock Wood, Tonbridge, and Sevenoaks. The 5.40 is allowed forty-six minutes for the fifteen miles between here and Ashford."

"Get the engine up at once, please, and I'll pay you £5 as a deposit."

"I must get on the telephone first to arrange about running you through to Ashford. I am afraid, though, that you will find it very rough travelling on a light engine," warned the station-master, as he hurried off to the signal-box.

P.J. had crept up during this conversation, the Bradshaw expert in him thoroughly alive.

"Mr. Ambrose," he cried eagerly, "the only junction between this and Ashford is at Sandling, where there is a branch to Hythe. He might slip out there, as he has got his bicycle with him, and he could easily bike across to Appledore on the Ashford and Hastings branch. If he goes to Hastings, he can get on to the Brighton line, and can go off to anywhere he likes. Please, Mr. Ambrose, telephone the Sandling station-master to stop a padre with cuts on his face if he tries to get out of the train. He can't possibly change his kit, because he has got no luggage with him, and he can't possibly heal those cuts I gave him with my flower-pot in ten minutes either. Do telephone, Mr. Ambrose."

"Well thought of, sharp little Towzer. I'll telephone at once."

"I don't think it's likely that he'll do it, because there are not many trains between Ashford and Hastings, but he might. And I shouldn't think that he'll risk getting out at Westenhanger or Smeeth, because they're small stations and people would notice a clergyman with his face all cut about. But Ashford will be full of people, and from Ashford there's the line to Canterbury and Deal and Margate, and the line by Maidstone and Otford to Swanley, and the line by Appledore to Hastings, besides the main line; so he could get anywhere he blooming well pleases."

"Very well reasoned out, Towzer; but how do you know all these places?"

"You always rag me about being keen on reading Bradshaw; but you see it can be jolly useful at times."

"It is all right, sir," announced the station-master, returning. "The 5.40 will be shunted at Sandling to let your engine by. You only want to go as far as Ashford, as I understand it."

"Quite right, station-master. Ashford is enough, if I can get ahead of the 5.40."

P.J. plucked Ambrose's sleeve. "Couldn't you telephone the Sandling station-master to stop the special engine by signal if our man gets out there?"

"Another good mark to you, P.J. I will, when I have telephoned Ashford Police Headquarters. Get the engine up, please, station-master. Thank you again, Towzer. I'll tell you the result of my chase when I come back to-night."

Mr. Davenant shot a mute glance of imploring appeal at his friend.

"Does that mean that you want to come too?" smiled Ambrose.

"Do I want to go on the engine with you? It's the one thing in the whole world I've been longing for, but I never thought that it would come off."

"Well, it is going to, if you're so keen on it. Mind you hang on to something, though, for the station-master has warned me that it will be very rough travelling."

Mr. Davenant's feelings were so over-wrought that he felt compelled to go out on to the platform and there execute a little solo dance of sheer delight.

A large engine glided majestically up to the platform.

"Quite a decent 4.4.0," observed P.J. critically, running his expert eye over No. 561's sleek green outline. "I was afraid that she might be a beastly little tank. H'm, h'm, built in Glasgow; no super-heater. I rather wish she had been a 4.6.0 though, with a nice short stumpy funnel."

"Tumble up, P.J.," shouted Ambrose. "I'll join you as soon as I have finished these telephone messages"; and Mr. Davenant to his inexpressible joy had the dream of his young lifetime realized, and found himself standing for the first time on the footplate of an express locomotive.

He did not dare address so august a person as the driver; but the fireman, who was getting down big lumps of coal and cracking them up, noticed his intense eagerness, and entered into conversation most affably.

"First time you've been on the footplate, no doubt," he observed. "Them's the gauges over the faceplate. Pressure-gauge is at the top. See them protectors over the water-gauge? That's to prevent us getting scalded if the automatic stop-valve don't work and the glass bursts," and the fireman dexterously shot half a dozen shovelfuls of coal through the swinging trap-door into the firebox, seeming able to plant his coal exactly wherever he wished in the glowing furnace.

"And that's the ejector handle of the vacuum brake, I suppose," queried P.J., almost breathless with excitement, "and those are the injectors, and that," pointing to a large screw on the right-hand side of the cab, "must be the reversing gear."

"Quite right," said the driver, amused at the immense eagerness of his young passenger, and noting that he had some knowledge of his subject. "We generally use it for 'notching up,' if you know what that is. Making the slide-valves close the inlet ports in the cylinders before the completion of the stroke—see? You just let the steam work by expansion—get me? 'Cut-off,' some calls it. If we don't 'notch-up' at all, we call that 'full-link'; but we only use full-link for very 'eavy loads, or to go up stiff banks—what you call inclines. See that big 'andle?"

"The regulator," suggested P.J.

"Quite so, the regulator. When your governor is ready, and our board drops—perhaps you'd under-

stand better if I said when our signal comes off—you just open that regulator when I give you the word, and start 'er. Open it till you feel the wheels move, then shut it again quick. You can take charge of the whistle too."

P.J. was so overjoyed at this prospect of really driving an engine that he scarcely knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels until his attention was diverted to the fireman, who began spraying the footplate and the coals with a jet of hot water from a short hose attached to a cock on the left-hand side of the faceplate.

"Care to 'ave a go at it yourself?" asked the fireman good-naturedly; and Mr. Davenant found himself spraying the footplate vigorously, quite regardless of the fact that he was giving his smart borrowed brown shoes and dapper brown silk socks a liberal dressing of mingled coal dust and water in the process.

Both the driver and the fireman were fully aware by now that their elder passenger was a Scotland Yard Commissioner, and that they were in pursuit of a wanted alien enemy, and when Ambrose appeared they entered into the spirit of the chase in the most sporting fashion.

"I'm quite ready now, driver," announced Ambrose. "We may possibly be stopped by signal at Sandling Junction."

"Got to wait for our signal, sir," answered the driver. "Ah! there she drops! Now, young gentleman, open the regulator and shut it again quick. Give a touch of the whistle too. I'll shut off the blower," and he turned a smaller handle under the regulator.

P.J., absolutely trembling with excitement, and with the knowledge that the great inert mass of metal would suddenly spring into life at a touch of his hand, threw open the regulator, but forgot to close it again—an attention to which 561 responded by a violent jerk forwards, and a quick succession of furious snorts.

"I told you to shut the regulator again," remonstrated the driver, doing so himself. "If we 'ad 'ad a train on be'ind, you'd pretty nigh 'ave broken the couplings, and 'ave jerked the passengers' teeth clean out of their 'eads. Pull the whistle cord now, and open the regulator a little more; a very little only."

The enchanted P.J. could scarcely realize that he was awake, even when the driver signed to him to move on one side, and took command himself.

With the slow train in front of them, 561 moved at a sedate pace through Easthampton Central and Shorncliffe till they approached Sandling Junction, Mr. Davenant keeping the whistle at work almost continuously.

"We've got a clear road through Sandling, sir," shouted the driver to Ambrose.

"Don't show yourself, Towzer, whatever you do. Crouch down," directed Ambrose, himself setting the example; and the junction passed, he added to the driver, "Now, please go as fast as you can with safety. I should like to be at Ashford well ahead of the regular train."

561 responded nobly to the call made on her. Rocking like a ship in a heavy sea, she rushed forward, Mr. Davenant almost speechless with ecstasy.



"How ripping! How absolutely topping!" he gurgled. "How she moves along! Good old 561! My word, how she can leg it!"

They rushed through Westenhanger, and tore through Smeeth, with ear-piercing blasts of the whistle, each station a mere impression of a roar, a prolonged whi-z-z, and a confused blur of buildings and faces; they dived through a short tunnel, until soon, far too soon for P.J., what may be termed the extensive locomotive suburbs of Ashford Station

came into view, and 561 eased down, rocked over the points leading to the up-platform road, and finally came to a rest alongside Ashford platform.

"I've never enjoyed anything so much in my whole life," declared the enthusiastic Davenant. "I only wish it had been two hundred miles instead of fifteen."

There were a dozen uniformed police on Ashford platform, and Ambrose, before jumping from the cab to give them his orders, tipped the driver and fireman liberally, and turned to P.J.

"Please keep out of this affair, Towzer. The train back does not leave for more than an hour. Do you mind sticking to the engine?"

"Do I mind sticking to the engine? Of course I'll stick to 561, if Mr. Fry will let me." The driver nodded good-humouredly. "Mr. Ambrose, don't you think that our man, when he sees all those policemen, will get out on the wrong side, on to the six-foot? Wouldn't it be a good wheeze to have three men that side? It is a good height to jump down, so they ought to be able to collar him."

"That had also occurred to me, Towzer. I'll have some men that side. Remember the 7.30 back to Easthampton."

After Ambrose's departure, P.J. surveyed from the cab the passengers on the platform with a lordly and supercilious air. To his immense joy he recognized a Stonebridge boy evidently waiting for the London train, a suit-case in his hand. The Stonebridge boy had not noticed him.

"Mr. Fry," cried P.J. to the driver, "may I have the oilcan for a moment? I'll promise not to rot with it."

Leaning out of the cab, with the oilcan prominently displayed in his hand, and assuming an attitude of studied indifference and weariness, P.J. hailed his schoolfellow.

"Hullo, Oxley!" he exclaimed languidly. "How goes it?"

"You, Davenant, you!" cried the astounded Oxley, almost refusing the evidence of his eyes, and dropping his suit-case in his astonishment. "What in the world are you doing on that engine?"

"Just rolled up here from Easthampton," explained Mr. Davenant wearily. "Sorry we're not taking you on to London. We'd have trundled you up in no time. 561 can fairly move when she wants to. Perhaps some other time with luck."

"But how the deuce did you get on that engine, Davenant?" asked Oxley, round-eyed with amazement.

"Oh! just in the usual way," said P.J. airily. Then, greatly daring, he turned to the driver, who was thoroughly appreciating this little episode, and asked, "That our board dropping, mate?" And as the amused driver nodded affirmatively, he added, "Our signal is 'off,' Oxley. We've got to back down to the engine-sheds. Sorry we can't take you with us, but I'm afraid it's against the regulations. As soon as we've cleared the points, your train will come in. So long, Oxley. Remember me to your people," and as 561 began to glide backwards from the platform, P.J. gave a shrill blast on the whistle,

and waved his oilcan at his schoolfellow in farewell, giving him two or three valedictory toots on the whistle, and leaving the gaping Oxley speechless with astonishment, and also quite possibly green with envy.

"I fairly made Oxley sit up then," chuckled P.J. to himself. "I wish I'd thought of raising some blue overalls. It would have looked awfully well crawling out in front of the engine and oiling her with this teapot."

An intensely happy, but somewhat grimy, young gentleman made his way to the down platform an hour later. Both his face and his raiment were adorned with black smudges; but quite regardless of these he took his place in a carriage of the 7.30 to Easthampton, where Ambrose was sitting alone.

"I've had an absolutely topping time in the engine-sheds, Mr. Ambrose," he cried enthusiastically. "I'm afraid that I'd always thought that South Eastern engines were sort of Ford cars, but they've some quite decent 4.4.0's there. They've got some engines built by Borsig of Berlin that I wanted to look at, but there were none of them in, and I didn't see a single 4.6.0. The worst of it is that, after seeing the real thing, I'm afraid that I shan't care for my models any more. It seems the same with everything. When I was about nine I was awfully keen on white mice. Now, if any one gave me fifty cages of white mice, I shouldn't give a thank-you for them."

"I am afraid that as you grow older, Towzer, you will find that the same rule applies to other things besides white mice. You have never asked me a single question about the capture of our suspect."

"Do you know, those engines drove it clean out of my head, which only shows what a rotten bad Secret Service man I am."

"We don't travel on an engine every day, Towzer, do we? So it is natural enough. You were perfectly correct in one thing. Our man *did* try to escape on to the six-foot, but there was a goods train passing at the time, which hemmed him in, and the police caught him without the smallest difficulty. He's on his way to Maidstone Jail by road now."

"Good business! I'm awfully sorry about one thing, Mr. Ambrose. I've got on your brother's togs, and I'm afraid I've mucked them up most awfully. The torn coat wasn't my fault. When that man shied me amongst the tulips, the broken flower-pots cut it about. I'm like the man in the Psalms, I've 'lien amongst the pots.' If one sings in a choir one gets to know all the Psalms by heart. Then some grease and oil from the engine got on my bags, and the coal dust has got all over my shoes and socks. I'm awfully sorry about it, but I'm always so unlucky with my clothes."

* * *

What is the difference between your greatcoat and a baby? One you wear, the other you were.

Why is a tight shoe like a fine summer? Because it makes the corn grow.

Plays from History

THE COMING OF THE ROMANS

SUMMARY

[The Britons, acting upon the orders of their priests, who were called Druids, took Commius prisoner; but Cæsar, following his messenger, defeated the undisciplined British warriors, who, to make peace, set Commius free. Yet the first year in Britain was by no means a successful one for the Roman army.]

The following year, however, after many battles and skirmishes in the dense forests and marshy lands which covered the country, Cæsar managed to force offers of peace from Caswallon, the head king of the tribes north of the Thames. Then for nearly one hundred years Britain remained untroubled by the Romans.

In the year 43 A.D. the Emperor Claudius determined that the country should be thoroughly conquered, and sent Aulus Plautius with a strong army to carry out his wishes. Later he went himself, and further successes followed.

But constantly the Britons resisted, and for many years a chief named Caractacus held out against the full power of Rome.

With Nero as Emperor, Suetonius Paulinus was sent to Britain, and, knowing that the Druids were the prime movers in all the revolts, he made up his mind to attack their stronghold in the Isle of Anglesea.

But meanwhile an incident in Norfolk once more aroused the anger of the Britons. Prasutagus, the king of the tribe of the Iceni, had for many years been a faithful friend of the Romans, and at his death he left his kingdom equally divided between the Roman emperor and his own daughters. The Roman procurator claimed the whole of the land, and when the widow of Prasutagus, Boadicea by name, complained of this treatment she was beaten with rods like a slave, and her daughters were ill-treated by the orders of the selfish Cato Decianus.

Hearing of these acts the Iceni flew to arms, and, joined by the Trinobantes and other tribes, an attack on Camulodunum was made, and all the people there put to death. They also were victorious against the Roman officer Cerealis and the ninth legion. However, Suetonius, returning victorious with ten thousand soldiers, defeated the Iceni and their allies. Before the battle Boadicea spoke to the warriors of her army, but even her inspiring words could not give the necessary courage to her people to withstand the Roman soldiers. A great slaughter of the Britons followed, and Boadicea, rather than fall into the hands of her enemies, ended her life by taking poison.

PLAY II.—THE REVOLT OF BOADICEA

CHARACTERS :

CATO DECIANUS, the Roman procurator; BOADICEA, queen of the Iceni; SÜETONIUS PAULINUS, the Roman general; MARCUS, a centurion; A Druid, a captive of Suetonius; A Roman Messenger; Roman Soldiers, Tribunes, British Warriors.

SCENE I.—THE ROMAN PROCURATOR'S COURT

[CATO DECIANUS seated, surrounded by Roman soldiers; tribunes standing on one side with rods in hand; enter BOADICEA, followed by a few British

warriors with spears reversed, to show they come in peace; DECIANUS rises and walks towards BOADICEA.]

Boadicea. You have sent messages to me. What is it that you desire of me?

Cato Decianus. Lady, now that your husband is dead we do not think it fitting that his rule should be placed in the hands of a woman. [Walks to his seat and sits facing BOADICEA, who stands before him with her warriors at her back.] Prasutagus deemed half his land a good gift to his Roman allies, but we think it wiser that we should rule over the whole.

Boadicea. [Stepping forward] What of my daughters and myself? Was not my husband always a friend to the Romans? Have we not worked for you and fought for you in the years gone by? Why do you seek to rob us of that which is left to us? Is this your reward for friendship?

Cato. You may rule, but on the condition that you name us as your masters.

Boadicea. [Turning half round towards her warriors] We of the Iceni are proud, and do not brook conditions. Had my husband lived you had not dared to offer such an insult to me.

Cato. [Rising and looking towards the Roman soldiers] Can a slave be insulted?

Boadicea. [Angrily] Slave? Such a term to me, a queen? False friend, you shall be sorry you spoke such words.

Cato. You shall be more than sorry to listen to others. [Turning and waving his arm to the tribunes.] Tribunes! away with her and whip her with your rods until she understands the power of the Roman.

[The tribunes walk forward and take BOADICEA roughly by the arms; the British warriors raise their spears as if to rescue their queen, but the Roman soldiers stand between with drawn weapons.]

Boadicea. Whip me, and such a stream of blood shall flow as shall suffice to wash away the insults of a cowardly Roman. [The soldiers drag her away.]

SCENE II.—THE ROMAN CAMP ON WATLING STREET

[Time: the return of SÜETONIUS from Mona. SÜETONIUS and MARCUS, a centurion, standing talking together.]

Suetonius. With the stamping out of the Druids in Mona Britain should now have peace.

Marcus. These priests have withstood the Roman power ever since the great Julius first set foot upon the island.

Suetonius. Yes, Marcus, it is true; but what Cæsar failed to do, at last Nero [bowing at the name], through his faithful general, Suetonius, has accomplished.

Marcus. They have indeed been at the root of all the disaffection, and it is a great deed to have conquered them.

Enter Roman soldiers marching with a group of chained Druids in their midst. SUTONIUS and MARCUS turn to watch them.

Suetonius. [*Pointing to the soldiers*] These men have seen stranger sights in this campaign than ever before. Almost I can see now the leaping flames in which yon ignorant fiends [*nodding towards the Druids*] intended to burn their captives.

Marcus. Had any of the soldiers fallen into those cruel hands, their deaths would have been terrible.

Suetonius. The Roman heart knows no fear, but had the men held back in the attack I had almost forgiven them, Marcus, so horrible were the cries and shrieks as we advanced.

Enter more soldiers, dragging a Druid who is struggling with them.

Marcus. Mark yon priest. Even now he is not tamed.

[They walk towards the soldiers, who hold the priest as the officers advance. Druid faces SUTONIUS, and strives to break away from the soldiers' hands.]

Druid. The curses of the true gods fall on you! May your flesh wither and your bodies be given to the flames! How I hate you, proud Romans, and all your race! [*Again struggles.*] But loose me, and I will tear out your greedy hearts.

Suetonius. Be silent, fool, or I will have you whipped.

Druid. Our lord the sun scorch—

Suetonius. [*Stepping forward, raising his hand, and interrupting*] Silence, I say!

Enter Messenger hurriedly and falling on his knees before SUTONIUS.

Messenger. My lord, my lord, the Britons have risen again in the south. The Iceni and other tribes are marching in the direction of Londinium. Camulodunum lies in ashes, for they are burning and slaying as they go.

Suetonius. This is indeed bad news [*turning to MARCUS*]. I thought that the selfish Cato had blundered [*again turning to Messenger*]. The Iceni, you say?

Messenger. Yes, lord! The queen, Boadicea, has taken advantage of your absence. Knowing the army had moved north she and her allies are plundering the towns in the south. Londinium is in great danger.

Suetonius. Enough; you may go! [*Messenger rises and goes out to join soldiers. SUTONIUS turns*

to MARCUS.] Londinium must suffer—I cannot save it; but this time I will crush these rebels with no weak hand. See that the army is ready to march at once.

[Centurion bows and passes out. The Druid has been listening, and now again tries to break away.]

Druid. The gods have answered my prayers. May all of your race be slaughtered and burnt! May you be——

Suetonius. [*Interrupting*] Take him away, men, and silence his foul tongue.

[The soldiers drag the Druid away, still shouting and struggling. SUTONIUS stands still for some moments and then follows.]

SCENE III. (a).—BEFORE THE BATTLE WITH SUTONIUS. BOADICEA'S CAMP

[BOADICEA stands in her chariot surrounded by her warriors.]

Boadicea. People of the Iceni! Boadicea, your queen, asks a hearing! Foully shamed by those who were my husband's friends, whipped like a dog before the eyes of common soldiers at the order of one who wished to steal our land, I have repaid them for their insults by blood. Victory has been ours, and shall be again. With the memory of Camulodunum and Londinium still fresh, shall we shrink from a meeting with the Roman army? Shall these tyrants take from us our homes, our families, and our freedom? To arms, my warriors, for Roman blood shall flow. Woman as I am, I will lead you, and with you win life—or death.

[The warriors shout as she ends, and wave their weapons.]

SCENE III. (b).—AFTER THE BATTLE

[The Britons scattered and slain; bodies lying in heaps on the ground; BOADICEA stands alone looking round.]

Boadicea. All is lost!—my country, my warriors, and my honour. If I fall into the hands of the Romans what a fate will be mine! There is but one road to travel, and that I do not fear to take. I have done my best and failed, and I must pay the cost. [*She takes poison and falls among the slain.*]

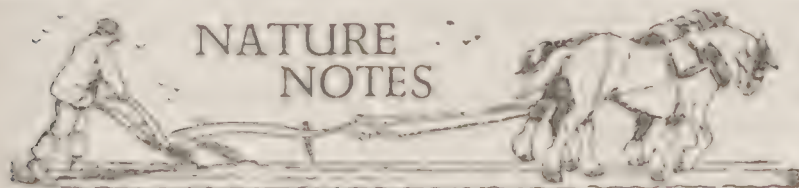
† † †

Teacher. "Now, Robert, tell me what an engineer is."

Robert. "He is a man that works an engine."

Teacher. "Correct. Now, William, can you tell me what a pioneer is?"

William. "Yes, sir; he's a man that works a piano."



The Stag Beetle

(*Lucanus cervus*.)

THE Stag Beetle is our largest Beetle in these islands, and the only British species of its special *genus*. In certain districts it is very common, while in others it is just as rare; indeed there are some places where it is not to be found at all.

The first thing that we notice is its monstrous size—usually two, sometimes three, inches long. The next point worthy of attention is the formidable pair of mandibles or jaws, in shape remarkably like horns, from which the insect takes its common name. These mandibles are sometimes almost equal in length to the whole body, including the head; are moved by muscles of great power, and have strong, sharp teeth.



STAG BEETLE.

They can inflict a really painful bite upon the human hand; those who have suffered from them stating that the female, though much smaller-jawed than the male, is the more dangerous in this respect.

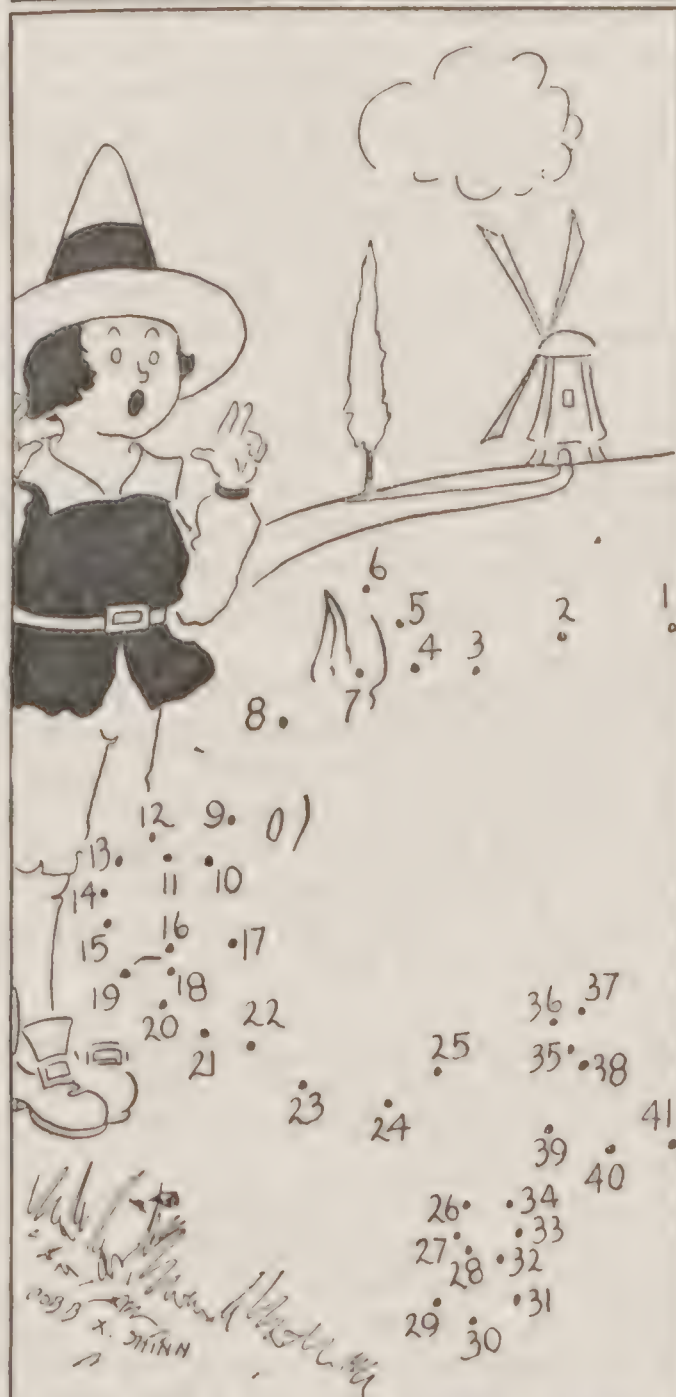
The colour of the thorax and the head is black, while the *elytra*, as we call the wing-cases of Beetles, are a fine black-bordered chestnut-red. The jaws are also chestnut coloured, but the legs are black.

These Beetles frequent oak woods, though the neighbourhood of willows is another favourite haunt. The larvæ live in rotten wood and feed upon it, being said by some authorities to do but little harm, if any, to the healthy portions of a tree. Others, however, say that with their sharp, strong jaws the larvæ bore into sound wood, and even eat the roots. However this may be, their larval life is long, from four to six years being spent in that stage of existence.

A Beetle with such formidable jaws seems well equipped to be a hunter, and we probably expect to

find it living upon flesh. What insect could hope to resist the attack of such terrible weapons? But no; the perfect insect seems a peaceful creature, vegetarian in its tastes. Its food is largely juice of fruits and sap from twigs. The males fight among themselves.

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



AS I WENT TO BANNER,
I MET A _____
WITHOUT A WIG,
UPON MY YARD AND HONOR

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.



STORIES FOR SUNDAY

Saint Giles and the White Doe

IT was in the beautiful land of Greece that Saint Giles was born, very far away from the grey northern city, whose cathedral bears his name. His parents were of royal blood, and were, moreover, Christians; so the boy was brought up most carefully, and taught all that a prince should know.

He was a dreamy, quiet boy, and what he loved best was to wander out in the green woods by himself, with no companions but the animals and birds and flowers. He would lie for hours watching the birds busily build their nests, or the rabbits as they timidly peeped at him out of their holes. And soon all the woodland creatures began to look upon him as their friend, and even the wildest would come gradually nearer and nearer, almost within reach of his hand; and they seemed to listen when he talked to them, as if they could understand what he said.

When he grew up Giles determined to leave his native city, for he had been all alone since his father and mother had died. He wished to escape from the anxious crowds that refused to leave him in peace; but first he sold all that he had and gave it to the poor of the city, an act which made them surer than ever that he was one of God's saints. Then he sailed away across the sea to a far-off country.

There Saint Giles found a lonely cave in which an old hermit lived. "Here at last I shall find peace and quietness," said he to himself, "and men will soon forget me."

But even here ere long his friends found him, for his fame had spread across the seas. So once more he set out and went farther and farther away, by paths that few had ever trod before, until in the depths of a green forest he found another shelter, a cave among grey rocks overgrown with lichens, and hidden by the sheltering boughs of the surrounding trees. Saint Giles had always loved the woods, and this was just the home he had longed for. A clear stream flowed not far off, and his only companions would be the birds and beasts and flowers.

Early in the morning the birds would wake him with their song, and the wild creatures would come stealing out of the wood to share his meal. And his silent friends, the flowers, would cheer and help him

by their beauty, and remind him of God's garden whose gate would one day open for him, where he would wander in the green pastures beside the still waters of Life for evermore.

But of all his companions the one Saint Giles loved best was a gentle white doe, who came to him as soon as he settled in the cave. She seemed to have no fear of him from the first, and stayed with him longer and longer each time, until at last she took up her abode with him, and would never leave him, lying close to him when he slept, and walking by his side wherever he went.

This peaceful life went on for a long time and it seemed as if nothing could disturb its quiet happiness. But it happened that one day as Saint Giles was praying in the cave, and his companion, the white doe, was nibbling her morning meal of fresh grass by the banks of the stream, a curious noise was heard afar off. It came nearer and nearer, and then shouts of men's voices could be heard, the sound of horses galloping, and the note of the hunter's horn. Then came the deep baying of dogs, and before the startled doe could hide, the whole hunt was upon her. With a wild halloo they chased her across the greensward and through the trees, and just as she disappeared into the cave, one of the huntsmen drew his bow and sent an arrow flying after her. Then they all dismounted and went to see what had become of the hunted doe, and soon found the opening into the cave. But what was their surprise, when they burst in, to find an old man kneeling there. He was sheltering the terrified doe who had fled to him for refuge, and an arrow had pierced the kind hand that had been raised to shield her.

The huntsmen were ashamed of their cruel sport when they saw the wounded hand of the old man and the trembling form of the white doe as it crouched behind him, and they listened with reverence to the hermit's words as he spoke to them of man's duty towards God's dumb creatures.

The King of France, who was one of the hunting-party, came often after this to see Saint Giles, and at last offered to build him a monastery and give him all that he could want; but the old man begged to be left alone in his woodland cave, to serve God in peace and quietness. So there he lived quietly and happily for many years, until God took him, and he left his cave for the fairer fields of paradise.

People loved the thought of this peaceful old saint who dwelt in the woods and was the protector of all sorrowful and suffering creatures, and so they often called their churches after Saint Giles, especially those churches which were built in the fields or near green woods.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.
2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.
3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.
4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.
5. No answers received later than August 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for August

This month, when you are all on holiday, there will not be so many competitions as usual, because I hope it will be such fine weather that you will be able to be out-of-doors all day long. By the time you have settled down again to your school work you will find all the usual attractions in this corner of the *Children's Paper*.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

THREADING THE MAZE.

On this page you will find a picture of a maze with a figure to represent a bower in the middle of it. Can you find the shortest possible route to the bower? If so, make a copy of the maze on a sheet of paper (you may trace it if you wish), and mark on it the route you consider the shortest.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of strawberries and cream.

For Children under Eleven only

THE POTATO PUZZLE

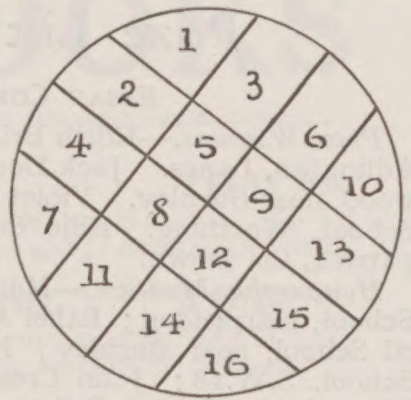
Take a circular slice of potato, place it on the table, and see into how large a number of pieces you can divide it with six cuts of a knife. Of course you must not readjust the pieces or pile them after a cut. What is the greatest number of pieces you can make?

The illustration shows how to make

sixteen pieces. This can, of course, be easily beaten. When you think you have cut it so as to give the greatest number of pieces, make a drawing on a piece of paper to show your solution.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a kite and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

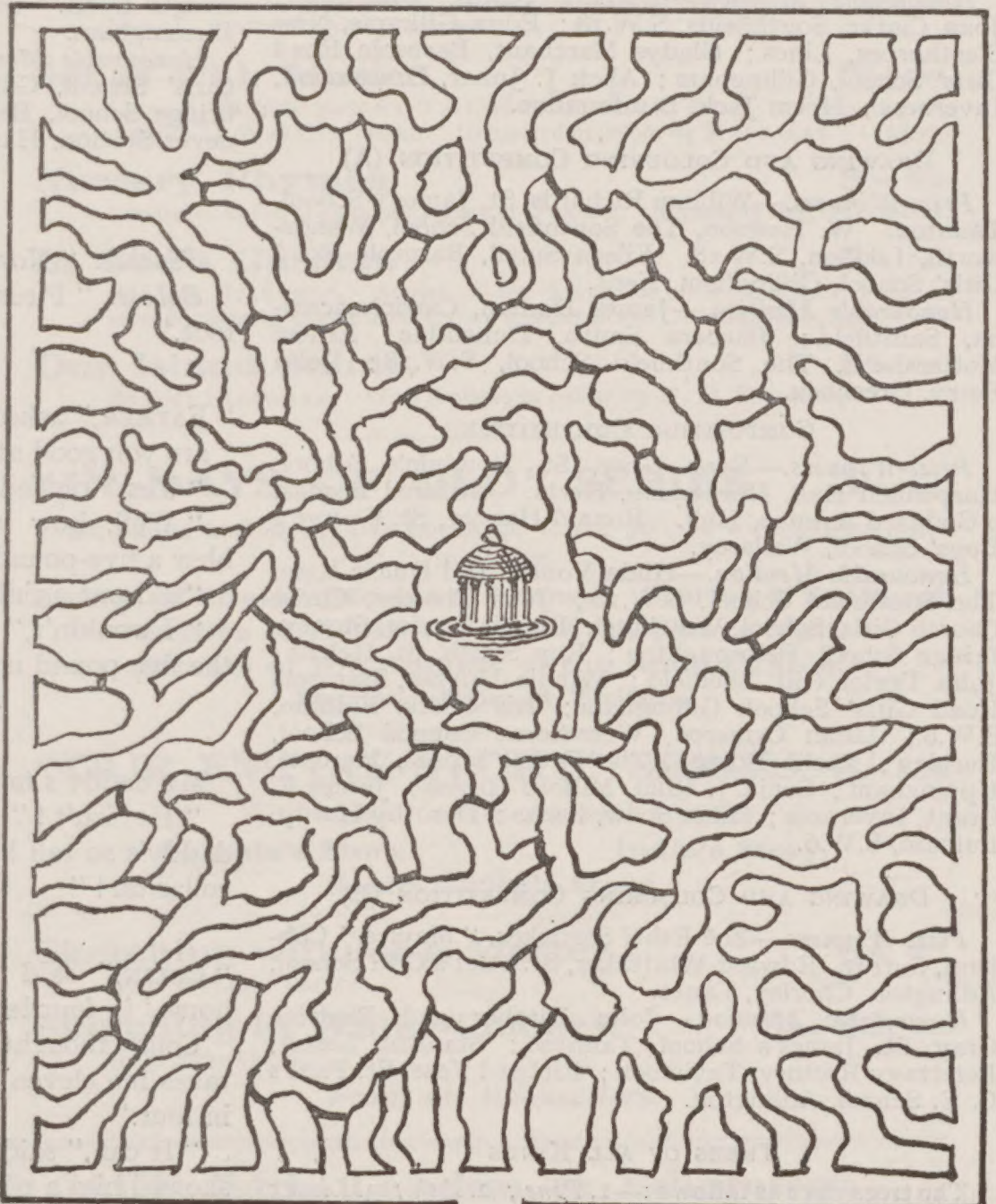


Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.



Prize List for June

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Edith Brindle, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs. Jack Douthwaite, No. 7 Hut, Hurstwood, near Burnley. Violet Lemon, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Ellie Coulter, Rath Cuan, Downpatrick, Co. Down.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Hilda Allier, The Southfield School, S.W.18; John Cree, Dunmurry; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Margaret C. Mathie, Bearsden; A. Junor, Drummond, Inverness; Jim Pinkerton, Armagh.

ANIMAL PUZZLE

The names of the animals were:—1. *Chamois*; 2. *Armadillo*; 3. *Porcupine*; 4. *Ant-eater*; 5. *Sloth*; 6. *Jaguar*; 7. *Otter*; 8. *Tapir*; 9. *Mongoose*; 10. *Weasel*.

Prize-Winners.—Isabel Dearling, 101 Elborough Street, Southfields, London, S.W.18. Jean Hay, Biddesden House, Andover, Hants. Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall.

Honourable Mention.—Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Joan Clarke, Southfields, S.W.18; Edna Gillespie, New Cleethorpes, Lincs; Gladys Marchant, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Alick J. Junor, Drummond, Inverness; Helen Jack, Dunfermline.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—William Richards, St. James's School, Taunton. W. Hewson, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London, S.W.18. Eileen Small, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—James Dornan, Carricknacesna, Saintfield; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Ernest Mottershead, The Southfield School, S.W.18; John Perry, Greenock.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Edna Gray, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall, Harpenden, Herts. Winifred Bordas, 9 Goddard Avenue, Hull. Ronald Harvey, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda Youens and Dulcie Rofe, The Southfield School, S.W.18; Joan Thomas, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Roy Smith, St. Helens; John Taylor Gill, Sheffield; Winnie Hughes, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Iris Chalk, Fulham, S.W.6; Lilian Ormerod, Worsthorne Council School, Burnley; Leslie Edgson, The Fydell School, Morcott, Uppingham; Sonia J. Rind, Milford Haven; James F. Grant, Inverness; Hilda Shaw, Larne; Dorothy Hardy, Fulham, S.W.6.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Zoë Ethel Stericker, "Mayles," Cobham, Surrey. Edward Whittaker, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Chorley, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—John Kimber and Beatrice Gray, St. James's School, Taunton; Standish Lester, Petertavy Rectory, Tavistock; Richard Vose, St. Paul's C. E. School, Adlington.

TREES OF ALL KINDS

The trees were as follows:—1. *Pine*; 2. *Ash*; 3. *Lime*;

4. *Cypress*; 5. *Beech*; 6. *Plane*; 7. *Yew*; 8. *Spruce*; 9. *Birch*; 10. *Palm* (or *Gum*).

Prize-Winners.—Ronald G. Barley, 39 Kimberley Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.9. Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Queenie C. Holloway, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham.

Honourable Mention.—Pauline Stammers, Thorpe, Norwich; Kathleen and S. Taylor, Ilford; Kenneth W. Smith, Banbury; Rosemary Easton, Manchester; Marjorie Davie, Ilford.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Annie Welton, Bolesworth Lodge, Tattenhall, near Chester. Olive Cranin, 288 Lewis Trust Buildings, Fulham, London. Douglas Cooper, High Street, Antrim.

Honourable Mention.—Lucy Peters, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing; Thomas Forshaw, Moss Lane, Hesketh Bank; Frederick Webster, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ronald Wallis, Southfields, S.W.18; Myrtle Prowse, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Isabel Shand, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Charles Parke, 58 Blackfriars Street, King's Lynn. Peggy Lander, Rubery Farm, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—May McBean, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Austen Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Rachel Chance, Micheldever Station, Hants; William Campbell, Greenock.

+ + +

Teacher. "Now, Bobbie, where is Felixstowe?"

Bobbie. "Please, teacher, it is at the end of Felix's foot."

+ + +

"FATHER," asked Alice, returning home from school, "are you good at punctuation?"

"Yes," replied the father.

"Well, how would you punctuate: 'The wind blew a five-pound note round the corner'?"

"I'd put a full-stop at the end of the sentence."

"I wouldn't," said Alice. "I'd make a dash after the five-pound note!"

+ + +

"My daddy's taller than yours," boasted Billie.

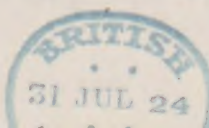
"He isn't!" retorted Jack indignantly. "My daddy's so tall he has to stand on a chair to put his collar on!"

+ + +

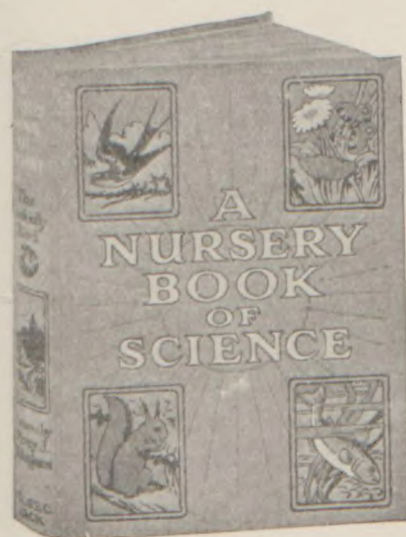
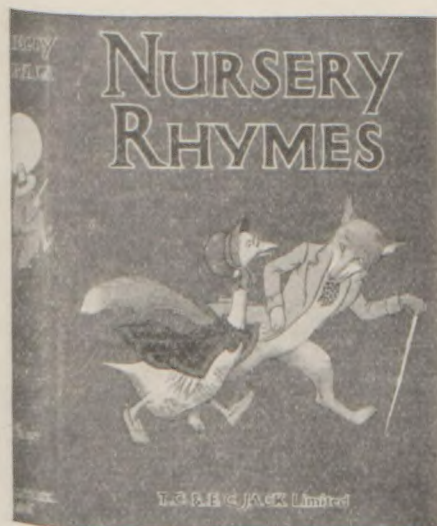
"COLIN," said Deirdre, "can you spell 'hungry horse' in four letters?"

Colin thought awhile. "No," he replied; "it takes me eleven letters to spell it. It can't be done in four."

"It can," said his sister. "Look here." And she showed him a paper on which she had written MTGG.



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**CHILDREN'S PAPER
COMPETITION FORM. [August**

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

.....Age last Birthday.....